Drabble Collection (Hannigram/RarePairs/AUs)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/8093212.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Ella Enchanted (2004), A Royal Affair (2012), Blood and Chocolate (2007), Nattens engel | Angel of the Night (1998), Doctor Strange (2016), The Path (TV), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationships:	Prince Charmont/Johann Struensee, Kaecilius (Marvel)/Cal Roberts, Aiden (Blood and Chocolate)/Ronnie (Nattens Engel), Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Prince Charmont, Johann Struensee, Kaecilius (Marvel), Cal Roberts, Aiden (Blood and Chocolate), Ronnie (Nattens Engel), Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Fix-It, Secret Relationship, Established Relationship, Reincarnation, Kind Of, Amnesia, post fall Hannigram sort of, Magic, Vampires, Werewolves, Halloween, Fake Blood, Reunions, More Magic, revisiting the bluff, Full Moon, charjo, StrangePath, Hannigram - Freeform, Scarves, bones - Freeform, mentions of anthony dimmond, Mentions of murder and mutilation, Hannibal Extended Universe
Language:	English
Series:	Part 64 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics, Part 22 of Tiger's S4 Hannigram fics
Stats:	Published: 2016-09-20 Completed: 2021-10-07 Words: 1,800 Chapters: 9/9

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

A collection of drabbles I've posted to my old tumblr either as a 100 word drabble or a drabble sequence of several 100 word drabbles.

1. Johann/Char: Happily Ever After (drabble)
2. Kaecilius/Cal Roberts (sort of Hannigram): Strange Roads (3 drabble sequence)
3. Ronnie/Aiden: The Scent Of It (2 drabble sequence)
4. Kaecilius/Cal Roberts (sort of Hannigram): Demon (5 drabble sequence)
5. Ronnie/Aiden: Always (2 drabble sequence)
6. Hannibal/Will: Dressed Bones (2 drabble sequence)
7. Spacedogs: Losers (drabble)
8. Chocolatedogs: Househusband (drabble)
9. YoungBoots: Bed Warming (drabble)

Happily Ever After

Chapter Summary

Yes, I just fixed the ending of A Royal Affair in 100 words. I can go to bed happy.

For #EatTheRare

Johann resolved himself to the physical and emotional pain of what was to come. He wondered if he'd be so accepting of death if it had not been, in part, the result of loving the prince.

He was lead from his cell. Aching, bruised, bloodied - perhaps he should welcome release.

Inside the coach a hooded figure waited, though they did not reveal themselves immediately. As the carriage rocked with each swift strike of horse hooves the hood was drawn back. Johann gazed with love and wonder.

"I am not entirely friendless, and I could never escape without you." Char smiled.

Strange Roads

Chapter Summary

Cal Roberts follows Kaecilius

Sequel to Chapter 4 of An Inflated Sense of Self for #RudeTrip

Will Graham. That was familiar wasn't it? But vague, like a dream. Like something from a dream.

Cal Roberts stared at the road ahead, almost unseeing, and just hoped that he wouldn't fall asleep. The alcohol was gone from his system after a day of fitful sleep, but the night's darkness weighed heavy on him. In the seat next to him sat a man who was not a man. A being who had been someone else, so he said. As he said Cal was someone else. Even in the dark he knew the man was awake. He could feel him.

*

When the man, shrouded in light and terrible, had appeared in the cabin, Cal had presumed it a fevered alcohol driven dream. Words had no meaning and the man called him Will, told him he would help him remember. He had spoken of living and dying and living again in another dimension until he was able to harness the power to return. To return to his love. To Will Graham. To Cal.

And he had kissed Cal. Something so familiar but at once other-worldly. A power in it that Cal craved.

He could still feel the pressure on his lips.

*

The sun rose on the unchanging horizon that Cal Roberts, his Will Graham, moved the car through. The roads so familiar and yet so strange, so different through these new eyes. Much as his Will, changed but the same. Contained. Waiting.

He would draw him out. He would have him restored. He had the power to do this now, after everything, after all the sacrifices. He had the power to restore his love.

And so he instructed and was followed, as he was accustomed. He watched the road as this new Will drove them towards the house on the bluff.

The Scent Of It

Chapter Summary

Halloween for Aiden and Ronnie.
For #Hannictober prompt ~ Fake Blood

Loose sequel to Of Night Angels and Wolves.

This was their first Halloween in the States, and Aiden had known what to expect. He'd grown up here and as his strength as a wolf had grown, his fear of the consequences of returning had lessened. It had taken years to travel to this continent, but then they had travelled aimlessly with no fixed destination. They had simply travelled together. Remained together. Loved together.

He had expected the screaming children and mischievous teenagers. Expected, but not been prepared.

As the first of the trick or treaters ran past them, Aiden tensed and felt Ronnie's hand tighten, reassuringly squeezing his.

*

In Europe Halloween wasn't such as this. Ronnie marvelled at the madness before them on a street that had been empty, calm the previous day. Now they stood in the centre of noise and excitement. His mind confused as the humans moved around them, bloody. But not bloody. There was not the scent of it.

"Fake blood." Aiden answered his unasked question.

"For the best." He replied. Despite almost 4 years a wolf, Aiden still had trouble with his control and they needed to feed discreetly. Ronnie squeezed his hand again and pulled him to continue their walk. Their hunt.

Demon

Chapter Summary

Demon. A StrangePath drabble sequence
for #Hannictober 9th - Demon

Part One: Chapter 4 of An Inflated Sense of Self
Part Two: Strange Roads Drabble Sequence

Cal wasn't sure when he'd slept last, and though he was exhausted in body and mind, he wasn't actually tired. He felt no need or desire to sleep. Magic perhaps? Something at least. A thrall that he'd never known of a man, not even Stephen Meyer himself. Because he couldn't fool himself that enigmatic and charming was the same as actual magic.

Magic, of course. He mused with an uneasy smile, as the man who was not a man stood on the outcropping of the bluff he'd brought them to and distorted the very air around them. A demon perhaps?

*

The man's eyes burned purple, molten, demonic. They might burn through him.

Air was knocked from Cal as he was pulled close, eyes boring into him. They stood on the bluff. On the precipice of- something.

"What are you?" Cal's voice didn't quite sound like his own. Something there, an accent that wasn't his, a lilt, an intonation that lit up the man's burning eyes.

"I am death and pain… but to you. I am love. My Will." Burning lips were on his then and Cal found he didn't want to pull away as the air swirled around them, thick.

*

"I will have you back!" He spoke the words firmly, there was no uncertainty left. He had made all the right incantations, taken the right paths to get here. To find Will. He would reunite them finally.

Lifetimes lost, or just this one? He wasn't sure anymore. Magic blurred everything. The magic he had sought and mastered to bring him to this end. To finally bring him here. He would have Will Graham back.

He said the words, he felt the magic run through them and around them. He held the man in his arms. The man who was Will.

*

He could no longer see anything around him but colour. Light. Finally Cal could see the light.

But not his light, not his truth. Someone else's. Will's?

He saw things in those colours, the snake that plagued him. A mongoose. Heard words- *Did you never wonder why you wouldn't let her touch you, taste you? You are mine alone. Always mine even when you did not know me. You will see. You will see me.*

He felt pressure all around him. A press and a pull. Ripping inside his mind. Cal's mind. Will's mind. He was remembering. He could see.

*

They stood within a tornado of colour that threatened to take them over the edge. But it would not. Not again. He held his Will close. Said the words despite the powers pulling at him, the fabric of the universe itself trying to tear them apart. Trying to stop him from righting this mistake.

He would have Will remember himself, he would have him back.

Noise. He had to shout the words. A crescendo. Until it dropped.

The man in his arms slumped. Alive or dead?

He held his breath. He waited.

And then eyes flickered open.

"Hannibal?"

He smiled.

Always

Chapter Summary

For Hannictober 19th - full moon

A decade they'd been together, Ronnie never tired of this. Never tired of watching Aiden's lithe, supple body turn from man to wolf. In truth Aiden didn't need the full moon to turn and some years he would turn more than others. But for long months at a time it would be only at the full moon, only to let that base side of him have control. The side he'd never become fully comfortable with. Ronnie encouraged it, wanted Aiden to relax, be comfortable with himself, but he knew how many decades it'd taken him to accept his own fate.

*

"You're beautiful." Ronnie whispered in his ear as he pulled him close, nuzzling his skin.

Aiden was tired, changing and hunting. Physically and emotionally, it took so much from him. But he had Ronnie. A hundred different ways he might have died in the years that had passed had Ronnie not held him like this. Whispered love to him when his bones ached as he returned, bloodied and exhausted to his human form.

He lay naked in his lover's arms, clothed only in the light of the fat and heavy moon above. Feeling grounded, feeling safe. Always, always with Ronnie.

Dressed Bones

Chapter Summary

Season 4 confessions.
For #Hannictober 23rd Scarves / #Goretober 23rd Bones

“Was there anyone else? Other than her I mean? I know you didn’t… with her, but was there...” Will’s words came quickly. Hannibal recalled Florence as though a dream. He paused only a moment. He had promised the truth. When they’d crawled from the ocean and shared a salty and bruising kiss, he had promised, regretfully. He would sorely prefer to spare his lover from a truth he knew would hurt him.

“There was.”

“And what happened…” Will’s voice shook. He knew he’d give less than the answer Will wanted -

“I killed him and made you a gift of him.”

*

The bones retained a little flesh. Flesh that had once been man but had become art. A gift. A message. Hannibal imagined they had reformed as a man and wore a scarf around a skeletal neck.

“Sadly Will, he was guilty of not being you. A poor facsimile I’d hoped might nourish me.” He spoke the words to his lover’s skin as he caressed the naked flesh beneath him. Will sighed words of love. How foolish he had been to think anyone could stand in for Will.

Dimmond had been merely bones in a scarf in both life and death.

Losers

Chapter Summary

Drabble: General Audiences / Spacedogs: meet-cute, high school AU

“Did you swallow a fucking encyclopedia?”

Adam turned at the harsh tone and saw that the boy, maybe a few years older than himself, was the only other person in the section. The rest of his class group had continued on whilst he’d been telling them all about the lunar rover.

Adam swallowed, trying not to feel hurt. He was used to the other children not really understanding him.

“Shit. Didn’t mean to upset you. I’m Nigel, my class doesn’t want to hang out with me either.”

“Oh.” Adam replied, then smiled. “Maybe we can be friends.”

Nigel smiled back.

Househusband

Chapter Summary

Drabble: Mature / Chocolatedogs: domesticity, established relationship

“Honey, I’m home.”

Aiden smiled at the words and his husband’s faux saccharine tone of voice.

Since the pandemic hit Aiden had been working from home and Nigel took every opportunity to tease him about being a house-husband. As though all he did all day was housework instead of his actual job. Of course, it didn’t help that he was almost always doing the dishes when Nigel got home every day.

But that was by design.

“Hello, gorgeous,” Nigel murmured as he slid his hands around Aiden’s waist and pressed against him, cock clearly hardening.

“Mmm, welcome home,” Aiden purred.

Bed Warming

Chapter Summary

Drabble: Teen & Up / YoungBoots: regency au

“Is that all tonight, sir?”

There was a twinkle in d’Artagnan’s eyes despite his innocent expression and tone. The boy had taken his time in turning down the bed and stoking the fire, lingering, trying to catch Rochefort’s attention.

He already had the last few times that Rochefort had visited his lordship, d’Artagnan’s employer.

And tonight, Rochefort decided to give into temptation.

“I would like for you to warm my bed,” he purred.

“I shall fetch a warming pan-”

Rochefort closed the space between them and took d’Artagnan into his arms. “A pan won’t be necessary.”

“Yes m’lord,” d’Artagnan grinned.

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